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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 125.

THE task of eulogy would not be difficult, if it consisted merely in extravagance of praise; for though the partiality of friendship might be satisfied with such a painting, no one would recognize a likeness. To describe with precision, and at the same time to embody the expression with thought, and to place before the beholder the very form and feature of the original, is, perhaps, more perplexing than any other species of composition; and is of all things the most improper for a friend to attempt. The character of Mr. Ames, in such an event would descend to posterity in the shape and muscle of a giant; with more transcendent faculties of mind and qualities of disposition, than human nature could contain.

Mr. Ames was the first [illegible] writer who properly appreciated the character of Washington; by making a judicious rather than an extravagant estimate of his talents and virtues. He described him as he will appear in the eye of an historian, rather than as an eulogist; and placed him in the true light in which he ought to pass to posterity. Such an appreciation of the character of Mr. Ames, must, on all accounts, be desirable; because it is conformable to what he himself considered the only correct estimate, and is undoubtedly the most conformable to reason and common sense.

CHARACTER OF THE *HON FISHER AMES.*

THE most striking characteristic of Mr. Ames, was original genius. In this respect he is to be contemplated as one of the most extraordinary men, not only of America, but of the present age; and in this he was so remarkable, that on whatever subject he was engaged, his thoughts were so luminous and unexpected and he led the hearer or reader to his point through ways at the same time so new and delightful, that assent was often granted to him from feeling, when the judgment remained unsatisfied. It was, however, generally safe to trust him; for though his conclusions were the spontaneous effect of an almost intuitive clearness of perception, far beyond the ken of ordinary comprehension, and though his impression of the certainty of his positions produced an intolerance in the manner of enforcing them, yet his ideas were in such a remarkable degree judicious, that the most elaborate process of logical investigation in other men would produce precisely the same results. With an intellect thus clear, strong, and sure, he had a fluency of communication, and fertility of illus-

tration, that adorned his conversation with the most vivid colouring of fancy and affluence of thought.

His judgment of men, particularly of political opponents, was perhaps sometimes clouded by prejudice; but this resulted from their opposition to *ideas*, which in his opinion were *axioms* of government and policy, and of the truth of which experience was every day affording confirmation. But if he was tinctured with prejudice, it was in respect to classes and not to individuals, of whom he formed a complacent opinion, and for whose weaknesses and defects he made the most generous allowance. The ardour of his patriotism, the acuteness of his feeling upon every occasion, and his honest independence of soul, impelled him to utter the most strenuous invectives against the least semblance of corruption in the administration, or their flattery of the people. He heartily despised the popularity which resulted from any other sentiment than true patriotism and honest opinion; hence the common fame which mean men acquired, he derided and contemned. He loved his country, and his faculties she might always command. The union of the states, was his primary political principle, and all his exertions were directed to the preservation of that union.

His ingenuousness of disposition and frank deportment in private life, made him a domestic companion, almost without example; his friends and his family shared in the perpetual delight which his sentiments upon every subject inspired; because they were moral, acute, peculiar, always eloquent, and for ever new. Unlike great genius as it is often found, retired, aloof, unsocial, the mind of Ames was never withheld from the enquirer, nor was his advice or opinion ever luke-warm, venal, or contracted.

His eloquence in the senate, was altogether so forcible and persuasive, had so much patriotic fire, and was at the same time directed towards policy so wise, that he is remembered at this day as the most effectual speaker that ever rose in the congress of the United States. His allusions were generally drawn from the wild scenery of America. The log-house of the back settlements, the Virginia tobacco-hut, or the Indian bon-fire, when used by Ames had each an influence on the passions, and his manners had none of the studied graces of tutored elocution; so that he may emphatically be considered the most decided American orator of his day. His mind, penetrating, glowing, and fraught with wisdom, partook of the nature of prophecy: and events made probable by his reasoning, of which even credulity could not accede to, he foretold, with confidence that produced an astonishment only exceeded by the sentiment which his *accuracy* inspired.

He retired early from public life, which may be considered a national calamity. Since the measures he would have recommended or adopted, would not only have spread his reputation abroad; but have rendered the country respected and exempt from insult, in the eyes of all the world. He was one of the few great men which nature makes when she forms a character like Burke. Mr. Ames like him was so buoyant that he could not be depressed, so firm that he could not be shaken, and so bright that he could not be obscured.

His writings partook of the same temper as his speaking, impetuous, ardent, sincere; their cogency and

wisdom created an impulse in the sentiments of his countrymen, which party could not withstand; and raised a front of magnanimous policy which corruption dared not behold. The sudden flashings of his illustrations and strength of his opinions completely withered the nerves of opposition. His compositions were so effectual upon every subject, that his adversaries could never be brought to the contest, much less, make a plausible reply.

His style was sometimes harsh; his metaphors distorted, and his diction carelessly combined; but though he was occasionally unpolished, he was never feeble: and his essays were always sought with avidity, and perused with satisfaction. The peculiarity of his expression often occasioned the appearance of incorrectness without the reality. As often he composed on the impulse of the moment, his works should be selected with circumspection to be valuable to his friends, and useful to his country.

There was something in Mr. Ames so much superior to common perceptions, that it requires an effort of a great mind accurately to describe him; a *weak* intellect can no more comprehend the extent of his capacity, than *his* could the attributes of Deity.

HORATIO.

BIOGRAPHY.

LINDLEY MURRAY, Esq.

THIS gentleman's literary character, the extensive circulation of his works, and his solicitude for the guarded education and happiness of young persons, will doubtless render some traits of his history interesting to the public; especially to those who have derived benefit from his writings.

Mr. Murray is a native of Pennsylvania; he was born in the year 1745. His parents were persons of respectable character, who were solicitous to endue his mind with pious and virtuous principles. He was carefully and regularly educated, and made a rapid progress in learning. His father who removed to New York, and was a distinguished merchant there, placed him at the age of fifteen to his counting house, intending to form him to mercantile business. But this employment not agreeing with young Murray's taste for reading and desire of improving his mind, he solicited permission to study medicine or law. His father, perceiving his strong bent towards learning, procured for him a private tutor, a person of erudition and respectability: under whose care and direction he closely applied to the liberal studies, and gratifying himself in his favourite pursuit. At the age of nineteen he commenced the study of law under the auspices of a gentleman eminent in his profession; and he had the happiness of having for his fellow student, Mr. Jay, late Minister Plenipotentiary to this Court. At the expiration of four years, Mr. Murray was admitted to the bar, and received a license to practice, both as counsel and attorney in all the courts in the State of New-York. In his profession he continued with increasing reputation and success, till the troubles in America interrupted all business of this nature. He then removed from New York, and spent some time in the country. But impatient of an inactive life, and desirous of improving his fortune, he returned to the city, and engaged in the

mercantile line. By his diligence, abilities and respectable connexions, he acquired, in the course of a few years, a very handsome competency; he then concluded to retire from business, and made a correspondent arrangement of his affairs.

He purchased a beautiful country residence, a few miles from the city of New York, where he hoped to enjoy much pleasure in rural occupation and in the social intercourse of a wide circle of relations and friends. But these pleasing prospects soon disappeared; for not long after his determination to retire, he was arrested by the hands of sickness. The fever with which he was afflicted left a great weakness in his limbs, and his health and strength became so much impaired as to induce him by the advice of his physicians and friends, to try the air and climate of England.

In the year 1785, he came to this country, and in a short time found himself considerably relieved in the general state of his health, but not to that degree as to render it prudent for him to return to America. He settled in Yorkshire, and purchased a house pleasantly situated a mile from York, where he continues to reside. The weakness of his limbs gradually increased, so that for some years he has found himself incapable of walking more than a few steps in the course of the day, without great inconvenience. He is, however, able to ride in his carriage an hour or two every day, and in summer he is frequently drawn about his garden in a chair conveniently made for that purpose. To a person distinguished as Mr. Murray had been for health, strength and agility, this confinement must have been at first a heavy misfortune. At present no one would suppose him to be under the influence of affliction—Time and reflection seem to have perfectly reconciled him to his situation.

Deprived of the usual occupations and amusements of life, and of the common occasions of doing good to others, he has very happily and generously turned his attention to compose literary works, for the benefit of the rising generation. In this benevolent employment he has found great satisfaction, and met with uncommon success. His *English Grammar* with the exercises and the key, has been much approved by the public, and adopted in most of the principal seminaries in England. It has passed through many large editions in this country and been frequently reprinted in Ireland and America.

The merit of this work, and the high character given of it in the different reviews induced his booksellers to offer him a very considerable sum for the copy right which he thought proper to accept. The copy right of his introduction to the English Reader, English Reader itself, and the Sequel to that work, together with the Abridgement of the Grammar (all of which have been much commended for their chaste and judicious execution) were disposed of for very liberal prices.

Mr. Murray's latest work is, Le Lecteur Francois, a book on the plan of the English Reader. It has already received some very favourable and respectable public as well as private testimonies, and it bids fair to enhance Mr. Murray's merit as a writer, who is solicitous to improve the taste and understanding, and to form the heart of his young readers. The copy right of this work also

been disposed of very advantageously. But this gentleman's views in writing are not mercenary. Having began his literary career from disinterested motives, he has constantly devoted all the profits of his works to charitable purposes—to the benefit of institutions for the relief of the poor and distressed; to assist the needy in procuring education for their children; and to render more comfortable those who are in straitened circumstances. The work which Mr. Murray first published, and which appears to afford him peculiar satisfaction, is, "The power of religion on the mind, in retirement, affliction, and approach of death."

Having been himself struck and edified with the sentiments expressed by a variety of characters at the most solemn period of life, he naturally thought that others would receive similar impressions from perusing a collection of such testimonies. Animated by his expectations, he formed the compilation and interspersed it with many occasional observations and reflections of his own. The book has passed through eleven editions. The first impression was made wholly at Mr. Murray's own expence, and given away chiefly in the neighbourhood of his own residence. Perceiving that the work met with approbation he enlarged and improved it. In its present state it has been much praised, and warmly recommended to the perusal of all classes of readers.

Time thus employed, and the rewards of labour thus distributed, prevent that gloom which ill health and long confinement are so apt to produce, and contribute to render Mr. Murray cheerful and happy, in a situation that many would think must be highly distressing. He appears to make the best of his condition, and to look at the bright side of the objects around him.

He is a member of the society called Quakers, and is much respected and esteemed by them—but in all his writings he has scrupulously avoided introducing, in any share, the peculiar tenets of the sect. On moral and religious subjects, he confines himself to the leading principles of piety and virtue, and to the general spirit and precepts of christianity. For this judicious care, as well as for the exemplary chasteness of his works, he has received particular commendation.

He married early in life, but he has no children.—Mrs. Murray is a person of great merit and respectability, and is faithfully and tenderly attached to him.

Mr. Murray is as highly distinguished by the excellence of his heart as by the powers of his mind. He is a most affectionate husband, a pleasing and instructive companion. His sentiments are liberal and refined; and the tenor of his life, in conformity with his writings, demonstrates him to be the uniform, zealous, and judicious friend of virtue and piety.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

"A nobleman, severely attacked by Junius, who was answered by Sir William Draper, in a manner highly creditable to the abilities of the conqueror of Manilla.

My reason for inserting the present article, is, that it may afford

me an opportunity of noticing in the reply of Junius, an assertion concerning the duke, neither founded in fact or inference, nor correct in the information it conveys.

It was the design of this writer to impress on his readers, an unfavourable opinion of the peer's pecuniary character, and he defies Sir William Draper to produce a single instance in which his grace had relieved indigence, encouraged merit, or patronised genius.

On this occasion, I think it my duty to mention a circumstance, with which the gallant knight was probably unacquainted; as I consider it the duty of every impartial man, to be as ready to do justice to well bestowed bounty, as to censure obliquity of conduct.

The Duke of Bedford, notwithstanding the flowery periods, and overwhelming invective of his assailant, was a generous, as well as a delicate benefactor to the ingenious but imprudent Henry Fielding, who frequently, and in the hearing of persons now living, did justice to his well-directed liberality, which, in various ways, amounted to the sum of fifteen hundred pounds.

This meritorious conduct of the duke has a more particular claim to applause, as he was at the time, sore in the article of money, smarting under a judicial verdict, and involved in enormous expence by certain political attachments, which it must be confessed, were not in every instance, creditable either to his understanding or his feelings; and, in the stimulating ardor of a contested election, had recently placed him in circumstances, at once distressing and ridiculous.

The following lines deserve recording, they were occasioned by Mr. Burke's letter to the late Duke of Bedford, who was grandson to the subject of this article.

SAMPSON AND THE PHILISTINES; or, giant Burke attempting to crush his enemies in the ruins of Bedford-house.

In Russell's porch low-crouching Edmund stands,
And grasps Corinthian pillars in his hands;
His huge vast bulk the giant sudden rears,
In hopes to pull the house about their ears:
The monster's aim, the laughing Lares ey'd,
Resist his efforts, and confound his pride.
Freedom, brave mountain nymph defends the youth,
And guards her Russell with the shield of truth.
Depriv'd of mental sight, fierce Polypheme,
Plays on our fancy like an attic dream;
Bor'd by the brand of truth, he gropes along,
Enrag'd, yet harmless, and despis'd, tho' strong.

Such was the language of poetry and fiction, occasioned by the letter of the late Mr. Burke to the Duke of Bedford, in consequence of his grace's strictures, during a parliamentary debate, on the pension granted to the orator; a pension, on which, as to the good points in the character of the highly endowed Edmund, there is but one opinion; but as to the quantum, every considerate man confesses with a sigh, that it was ENORMOUS, BEYOND ALL BOUNDS OF REASON, PROPRIETY, OR PROPORTION: whether we consider the merits of the person rewarded, or turn our eyes to the prodigious expenditure of Great Britain, which imperiously demands frugality and prudence The pension bestowed on Mr. Burke sold for thirty thousand pounds."

Crebillon, the writer of French tragedy, was asked why his tragedies were so very terrific. "Sir,"

says the poet, "Ameille occupies the heavens, Roune the earth, and to me are left the infernal regions."

REPARTEE OF DANTE.

This charming poet lived very poor and an exile, at Verona, on a small pension from prince Scaliger. In short, he could scarcely subsist. At the same court was a buffoon, who lived most magnificently.—"How happens it," says the latter to Dante, one day, "that with all your genius you remain so poor, whilst such a blockhead and a fool as I am, abound in all things?" "I should be rich too," said the indignant poet, "had I your luck to find a prince with a character so like my own."

YESTERDAY ANACREONTIC.—FROM THE PERSIAN.

Say ye studious brave and old;
Tell me all ye fair and gay,
Tell me where I may behold
The fleeting forms of yesterday?

Where's autumnal plenty sped?
Winter, where's thy boisterous sway?
Where's the vernal flowret fled?
Summer, where's thy yesterday?

Jocund sprites of social joy,
Round our smiling goblet play;
Flit ye pow'rs that mirth annoy,
Like the ghost of yesterday.

Odorous sweets, and Kerzerom wine,
Hither boy with speed convey:
Jasmin with the roses twine,
Ere they fade like yesterday.

Brim the bowl, and pass it round,
Lightly the sportive lay:
Let the festal hour be crowned,
Ere 'tis lost like yesterday.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

In one of Frederick's accustomed yearly expeditions, for the purpose of reviewing his troops, a miller, whose name was Arnold, and whose establishment was in a small village of Pomerania, delivered him a petition, in which were these words: "I pay you three hundred rix dollars per annum (fifty pounds) for the mill in this village; but Count N. has turned the course of the water which enabled me to work the mill, so that I have no longer the means of paying you my rent, or of providing for my subsistence." Frederick sent the petition to his Chancellor with the following postscript: "Let justice be done to the miller." The cause was tried, and the miller, Arnold, was cast.

The year following the miller delivered another petition importing, that he had lost his cause, though the facts were precisely such as he had represented to his majesty. The king sent this petition also to his chancellor, and again added a postscript. "Let this cause be carried to the second court, and let the greatest care be taken that justice be dispensed to this man." The miller was once more cast; and a third petition was delivered to the king, in which despair had succeeded to complaint. This the king carefully preserved, in the intention of proving the facts it affirmed on the very spot.

To this effect his first step was to send an old officer, who was a man of great probity, into the canton under a specious pretext, but whose orders were to gain the exactest information of all the particulars concerning the said mill, and the use made by count N. of the water of which he had deprived it. The result of his inquiries was to be communicated to the king alone. This officer having possessions in the neighbourhood, fulfilled his charge without exciting the smallest suspicion; and his report to Frederick imported, that having strictly examined the business, he could af-

firm that the mill had been stopped for want of water, and that the ruin of the miller had been occasioned by the expedient employed by the count of turning the course of the stream.

The king had not confined himself to the investigation of a single person; but, after the departure of the officer, had secretly commissioned two other persons of integrity on the same errand, whose statements coincided perfectly with those of the former. On the first day of his visiting Berlin, after receiving those accounts, Frederick, indignant, sent for baron de Furst, his chancellor, and the three magistrates who had presided over the cause. He received them with a severity of manner expressive of the displeasure he felt, scarcely allowing them to urge a word in their defence; and in his answers gave them the appellation of rascals and perverters of the law. He took a pen, and with his left hand (for he had the gout in his right) wrote a sentence that condemned count N. to restore the water to its former course; to pay all the costs of the two law-suits; and, lastly, to pay such a sum of money to the miller as should make reparation for the injury he and his family had sustained.

When he had finished his task, which to a man in a fit of the gout could not but be extremely painful, he resumed his angry tone; he sent baron de Furst *to the devil*, declaring he no longer stood in need of his service, and the three judges to Spandau, kicking them with indignation out of the room.

EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

Whilst Zoilus, with canker'd spite,
My reputation slays,
The way that I his spleen requite,
Is loading him with praise.

How oddly happy is my case,
'Tis easy to conceive,
Since whatsoever either says,
No mortal will believe.

NAVAL DEXTERITY.

An engagement took place in the year sixteen hundred and ninety, between the combined fleets of England and Holland, amounting to fifty-six ships, and the French, who mustered nearly eighty.

The Dutch bravely advanced towards the enemy, but not being properly supported by their allies, were surrounded by the French admiral Tourville, and the whole of them must have been taken or destroyed by a superiority in the proportion of four to one.

The Batavian commander, Calembourg, a good seaman and a courageous man, with admirable presence of mind, observing there was a strong current, and very little wind, instantly ordered his ships to drop their anchors, with all their sails standing.

The French, ignorant of the stratagem, were hurried away by the tide, which set rapidly up the channel, while their opponents, remained safe at anchor, and out of the reach of their cannon. The bravery and prompt ingenuity of Calembourg were acknowledged by all Europe, while the *prudent caution* of Herbert, Lord Torrington, were universally censured. Soon after his arrival in London, he was committed to the tower; whether his imprisonment was followed by trial or punishment, we are not able to say.

METHOD TO SUPPRESS A MOB.

In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-two, the women of Toulon declared themselves in a state of insurrection, and assembling in great crowds, threatened

to hang the magistrates if they did not lower the price of sugar. The procurator syndic at first laughed at their threats, but the multitude refusing to disperse, he assembled the council general of the commune, and ordered the fire engines, with a plentiful supply of water, mixed with soot, to be drawn out in battle array; by a vigorous discharge of this smutty artillery, the insurgents in petticoats were completely routed, and quietly returned to their homes.

The following lines from the pen of Lope de la Vega, the Spanish poet, are taken from some translations of his works, by Henry Richard Lord Holland.

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Of time for love to grow;
Ah no! the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

"The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nursed into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please;
But Love is not its name.

"For love to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal,
Should be the first one ever knew,
In short, be that I feel.

"To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

"Love, all at once, should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall;
If not an Adam at his birth,
He is no love at all."

"In the green season of my flowering years,
I liv'd, O Love! a captive in thy chains;
Sang of delusive hopes and idle fears,
And wept thy follies in my wisest strains.
Sad sport of time when under thy control,
So wild was grown my wit, so blind my soul.

"But from the yoke which once my courage tam'd,
I, undeceiv'd, at length have slipp'd my head,
And in that sun whose rays my soul enflam'd,
What scraps I rescued at my ease I spread.
So shall I altars to *Indifference* raise,
And chaunt without alarm returning freedom's praise.

"So on their chains the ransom'd captives dwell;
So carols one who cured relates his wound;
So slaves of masters, troops of battle tell,
As I my cheerful liberty resound.
Freed, sea and burning fire, from thy control,
Prison, wound, war, and tyrant of my soul.

"Remain then, faithless friend, thy arts to try
On such as court alternate joy and pain;
For me, I dare her very eyes defy,
I scorn the amorous snare, the pleasing chain,
That held enthrall'd my cheated heart so long,
And charm'd my erring soul unconscious of its wrong."

The late George Colman being once told, that a man whose character was not very immaculate, had grossly abused him, pointedly remarked, that "the scandal and ill-report of some persons that might be mentioned, was like fuller's earth, it daubs your coat a little for a time, but when it is rubbed off, your coat is so much the cleaner."

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
Uniting, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.
Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

How can you, my lord, prefer *punch* to *wine*? "Because, my dear, it is so much like matrimony—such a compound of opposite qualities."—"Ay, my lord, I am the *weak* part, I suppose." "No, my love,

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you are the *sweet*, with a little of the *acid*, and no small portion of the *spirit*."

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Mr. WINSOR's beautiful and economical Gas Lights have now been extended along the whole of the south side of Pall Mall, and we hope soon to see them adopted in all parts of the metropolis, instead of the lamps now in use, twenty of which, in point of brilliancy, are not equal to one of the Gas Lights.

Mr. STURGES has in the press Critical Situations on the Game of Draughts.

Since the French have been in possession of Swedish Pomerania the following statistical account of that province has been published. The population, including the Island of Rugen, is calculated at 120,000 persons. The soil produces great quantities of corn, fruits, and flax, and the country possesses fine forests of oak timber. Its yearly exports amount to 600,000 Swedish crowns. The revenues of the country do not exceed 240,000 crowns, which are compleatly expended by the provincial government. The island of Rugen, which has the most romantic situtions, is indented by numerous bays and harbours, as well as the coast of the continent.

The twenty thousand rix-dollars which had been collected to erect a monument to Luther, at Mansfield, have been employed to discharge part of the war-contribution. The accomplishment of that undertaking is postponed to the year 1817, the third great jubilee of the reformation.

M. ALLAIRE, a French chemist, has published a new method of scouring wool, which consists in dipping it repeatedly into a lye of quick-lime. The chalky earth forms an animal soap with the grease. By this means the wool is speedily and economically scoured, and without altering its quality.

DOMESTIC.

Proposals are issued by Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia, for publishing a systematic and practical treatise on the Doctrines of Divinity, intended to explain some of the most essential articles of the christian faith, to encourage sinners to come to Christ, and to direct believers how to obtain the comforts of the gospel. By the Rev. William C. Davis, Pastor of the church of Bullock's Creek, South Carolina.—This work consists of four books, which are divided into chapters. The first book contains a view of our lost state; the second treats of the doctrine of Election; the third, of the Laws of God and the Covenant of Works; and the fourth, of the Covenant of Grace, &c. —The work will be comprised in one volume 8vo, containing nearly 600 pages, neatly bound and lettered, for two dollars and fifty cents.

POETRY.

EXTRACTS FROM

MARMION; OR, A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

CHARACTER OF LORD MARMION.

ALONG the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle bow;
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a stalworth knight and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,
Shew'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Shew'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel;
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hovered on her nest,

With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Soared sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
"*Who checks at me, to death is dight.*"
Blue was the charger's broider'd rein;
Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane;
The knightly housing's ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE.

It chanced as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walked,
And, by the slowly fading light,
Of varying topics talked;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard
Said Marmion might his toil have spared,
In travelling so far;
For that a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war:
And closer questioned, thus he told
A tale which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enrolled:—
Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park, in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!
The wild buck bells from ferny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,
The saddest heart might pleasure take
To see all nature gay.
But June is to our sovereign dear
The heaviest month in all the year:
Too well his cause of grief you know,—
June saw his father's overthrow.
Woe to the traitors, who could bring
The princely boy against his King!
Still in his conscience burns the sting.
In offices as strict as Lent,
King James's June is ever spent.

When last this ruthful month was come,
And in Linlithgow's holy dome
The King, as wont, was praying;
While for his royal father's soul
The chaunters sung, the bells did toll,
The Bishop mass was saying—
For now the year brought round again
The day the luckless king was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the monarch knelt,
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,
And eyes with sorrow streaming;
Around him, in their stalls of state,
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming.
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Thro' the stained casement gleaming;
But, while I marked what next befel,
It seemed as I were dreaming.
Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,
In azure gown, with cincture white;
His forehead bald, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
Now mock me not, when, good my Lord,
I pledge to you my knightly word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty of face,
His solemn bearing, and his pace
So stately gliding on;
Seemed to me ne'er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint,
Who propped the Virgin in her faint,—
The lov'd apostle John.
He stepped before the monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made;
Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,
But on the desk his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice,—but never tone
So thrilled thro' vein, and nerve, and bone:
"My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warned, beware:
God keep thee as he may!"—
The wondering monarch seemed to seek
For answer, and found none;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him, as he outward past;
But lighter than the whirlwind's blast
He vanished from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
That glances but, and dies.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange,
The twilight was so pale,
He marked not Marmion's colour change,
While listening to the tale:
But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke:—"Of nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never super-human cause
Could e'er controul their course;
And, three days since, had judged your aim
Was but to make your guest your game.
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,
What much has changed my sceptic creed,
And made me credit aught."—He said,
And seemed to wish his words unsaid:

But by that strong emotion pressed,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.
Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare:
The thoughts which broke his sleep, he seems
To mention but as feeverish dreams.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couched my head,
Fantastic thoughts returned;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burned.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I passed through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

Thus judging for a little space
I listened e'er I left the place;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they served me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise —
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight, and mixed affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seem'd starting from the gulph below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?
I rolled upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet did the worst remain;
My dazzled eyes I upward cast—
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight, like what I saw.
Full on his face the moonbeam stroke,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;
For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
But when to good Saint George I prayed
(The first time e'er I asked his aid,)
He plunged it in the sheath;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seemed to vanish from my sight:
The moon-beam drooped, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath.—
'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face, that met me there,
Called by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air:
Dead, or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."—

Marvelled Sir David of the Mount;
Then, learned in story, 'gan recount
Such chance had hap'd of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell, of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And trained him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
"And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,
With Highland broad-sword, targe, and plaid,
And fingers red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Achnaslaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.
And yet whate'er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour,
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented sin"—
Lord Marmion turned him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,
Then pressed Sir David's hand,—
But nought, at length, in answer said;
And here their farther converse staid,
Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day
To Scotland's camp to take their way,—
Such was the King's command.

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